THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, June 2, 1806.

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

MR. Peter King paid the debt of nature a few weeks since at his house at Islington, near London, at the advanced age of 75. For some years previous to his death, Mr. King displayed numerous peculiarities in his manner of living, which while they were perfectly innocent, served, by the occupation they afforded his mind, to smooth the path he was travelling on to eternity. Mr. King was born of poor, but very reputable parents, at Hammersmith, and was very early placed out by them as a shop-boy to a hatter and hosier in the Strand. After having served his master, who was a kind and very indulgent man, for several years, with great diligence, credit, and honesty, and having on all occasions proved himself most perfectly trust-worthy, he, with his master's consent, married a very respectable young woman who lived in the neighbourhood, and had gained his affections.

He very soon after, with his master's assistance, and by the help of the small fortune he had obtained with his wife, set up in business for himself in Holborn, where, by his modest deportment, frugality, and unremitting attention to his business, in which he was amply seconded by his worthy spouse, he in process of time acquired a very comfortable competency, which, together with the purchase money for the good will of his shop, enabled him to quit his business, and to live at ease, in decent respectability, for the remainder of his days. He retired to Islington, where he hired a small house for himself and wife, never having had any children.

Not having the usual avocations to fill up his time, and the number of his acquaintance being rather scanty, he found this

new mode of life, though more dignified, not altogether so consistent with his happiness as he expected it would have been. Other amusements failing him, he began, soon after his retirement, to bestow unusual care upon his dress. In his youth, when it was the fashion to wear laced clothes, he had frequently betrayed strong marks of admiration at the happiness that he conceived must accompany the being so finely dressed; but the indulging himself in this way was effectually checked by the narrow state of his finances.

In old age this passion for dress, as early recollections in other people, returned upon him with redoubled vigour; and he began, soon after his retirement from business, to indulge himself in fine clothes to a most immoderate extent. At first he used to walk out in the town in his laced clothes: but this attracted the attention of idle boys, who, upon his appearance, gathered in crowds about him, to admire what the being without would, not many years ago, have been almost equally an object of singularity—his laced clothes. He at length found it necessary to confine himself to his own territories; preferring to deprive himself of his accustomed perambulations, to the parting, for a moment, with any of his finery. He was now almost unceasingly occupied in devising new modes of adorning his person, his worthy wife never attempting to check this propensity, but rather encouraging him in it, seeing how great was the satisfaction he derived from it, and that their finances could bear it without inconvenience. Decked in his gold-laced clothes, slashed sleeves, and highly powdered perriwig, he walked about his house, changing his dress several times in the course of the day.

While not occupied with his dress, two favourite tom-cats were a grand source of amusement to him: these had been his constant and faithful companions for several years, and were rather looked upon by him as friends and equals than as brutes, and had regularly assigned them every day their places at table. Finding so much satisfaction from dress himself, he was disposed to extend this source of amusement to his friends the cats, and laced habits were accordingly provided for them; and the poor pusses generously bore the incumbrance they were loaded with, as if to make some atonement to their kind master, for the care he bestowed upon them.

Thus almost totally secluded from the world, Mr. King lived for several years happy in the society of his own adorned person, his now almost superannuated wife, and his cats, and admitting but two or three friends, of whom the writer of this article was one, now and then to see him; and as he was kindly indulged in his peculiarities, he was always affable and obliging to them. The death of his wife was so severe a shock to him, that he, the day after, took to his bed, and survived her not more

more than a week. His passion, however, for fine clothes forsook him not on his death-bed; for such part of the day as he could sit up he was regularly attired in them. His *exit*, a piece with the rest of his life, was performed with perfect calmness and serenity, and has left a chasm in society that will be known and felt but by two or three intimate friends.

Having no relations living, Mr. King has left the whole of his property to an old servant, who had been his careful and constant nurse, accompanied, however, with the most earnest injunctions to support, in a manner suitable to the friendship he entertained for them, his old friends the pusses.

THE LOVERS,

(Concluded from Page 406.)

HIS manners so pleased the alcade, or magistrate, of the village, that he took the youth immediately into his own service, and soon conceived the most lively friendship for the interesting Marcello. He was a benevolent man, beloved and respected by the whole village; and Marcello so faithfully served the good man, that he soon committed to his care the entire guidance of his concerns. Marcello, in a short time, became the pattern, the idol of all the villagers. "See," cried the prudent mothers to their sons, "how the young Marcello conducts himself: he is always with his master, always studious, sober, and attentive to the wants of the poor, the infirmities of the aged; he never neglects his duty, to run idling after the shepherdesses. Copy the conduct of Marcello, and you will surely be respected."

Though comparatively happy in this novel life, Isabella did not wholly forget Don Pedro, but took the earliest opportunity of dispatching a shepherd to Granada, to obtain tidings of her connections there. He brought back intelligence that Alonzo had been dead two months; that Henriquez was married; and that Don Pedro had not been heard of in Granada during the space of eighteen months, the exact period of Isabella's absence. This intelligence filled the heart of our adventurer with despair: she no longer flattered herself with the fond idea of being united to Don Pedro, and without him the world had no charms for her. She instantly resolved to devote herself to his memory, to forego her sex, and to dedicate the remainder of her days to the service of her good, her generous master, Of this consolation she was too soon bereft: the worthy alcade, stricken in years, yielded his last breath in her arms. His will made Marcello his heir; but the bequest was a poor

compensation for his loss. All the village wept for the good alcade; and, after having paid to his remains all due honours, assembled together, and agreed that the greatest compliment they could pay to his memory, would be to appoint his favourite Marcello his successor. This was unanimously agreed to; and the oldest inhabitants, followed by the youth of the village, arrayed in their best habiliments, came respectfully to the door of Marcello, tendering him the white wand which was the insignia of his office. Marcello, touched at this mark of confidence and esteem, accepted it with gratitude, and promised to defend their rights with his life. Then ordering them a cheerful repast, dismissed them to their respective homes with reiterated blessings.

Let us now return to the unhappy Don Pedro. He hastened, with all the impatience of disappointed love, from province to province, from town to town, yet could gain no tidings of his beloved Isabella. It occurred to him, at length, that she had connections at Mexico, for which place he accordingly embarked, trusting she had sought refuge there. He was still unsuccessful. Once more he prepared to re-visit Spain, hopeless, and a prey to the most painful suggestions. Fears that his mistress was unfaithful, added poignancy to all his sufferings, 'till his mind was diverted into another channel by a tremendous storm which arose, and threatened destruction to the vessel. Notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the crew, the bark was wrecked; and Don Pedro, with a few other passengers, gained the shore with difficulty. After many arduous exertions, they surmounted the rugged precipices which screened the little village of Gadara from the encroachments of the boisterous ocean, and entering the first auberge, congratulated themselves on their providential escape. They had not rested long, before they were called upon to decide a quarrel which had arisen between a sailor and a passenger, concerning a casket which the latter asserted to be his property. The sailor, who had preserved it from the wreck, denied his claim; and, to ascertain the fact, Don Pedro insisted that the passenger should describe the contents. The casket was accordingly opened; and, to his inexpressible astonishment, Don Pedro discovered the jewels of Isabella, and among them the emerald ring which he had given to her as a pledge of his faith. He stood a moment immoveable; then darting looks of fury on the stranger, he exclaimed, "Where didst thou get these jewels?" "What is that to you?" returned the man, insolently; "it is sufficient that they belong to me!" He would have snatched them from the hands of Don Pedro, who read guilt in his quivering lip, and pallid features; and drawing his sword, swore to sacrifice him instantly, if he did not confess how he obtained the jewels. The bravo aimed a blow at Don Pedro,

Pedro, which he fortunately parried; and, indignant at the insult, pierced the villain to the heart. This affair was too public to pass unnoticed. The spectators crouded round Don Pedro; they disarmed him; bound him like a criminal, and dragged him to prison; while the hostess sent for a priest to confess the dying man; and the active host ran with the jewels in his hand, to inform the alcade of what had occurred, and learn his further pleasure. What was the surprise, the joy, the alarm, of Isabella, on beholding the long-lost casket! She hastened to the auberge, where half the villagers were already assembled, and arrived just in time to hear the dying wretch acknowledge his being a hired assassin; and also, that he had received the casket from a lady in Granada, who must have mistaken him for some other person. This was sufficient for Isabella, who immediately hurried away in the sweet expectation of beholding her lover. As she proceeded, her heart throbbed with the most lively emotions; and fearing to be immediately recognized, she wrapped herself closely in her cloak, and flapped her hat over her eyes; then, with a firm step, followed the jailor into the dungeon: but no sooner did she behold him she so tenderly loved, in his melancholy captivity, than her resolution failed her: she leaned against a pillar for support, and tears of sensibility ran down her cheeks. Don Pedro was too deeply engaged in preparing his defence, to notice her emotion, 'till, at length recovering herself, she approached, and, in an authoritative tone addressed him. "Stranger," said she, "you have killed your comrade: what could induce you to commit such a horrid outrage? A crime which in a civilized country is punishable to the utmost extent of the law." The voice of Isabella faltered; and, fearful of betraying herself, she covered her face with her hand. "Alcade!" replied the prisoner, "I have committed no crime, but an act of justice. However, I am prepared to die. Death alone can release me from the miseries of which the wretch I have sacrificed has been the prime cause. Condemn me; I am prepared; life is hateful to me, deprived of the only blessing I coveted, a blessing I can never hope to obtain." His voice was stifled with sobs, and his lips tremulously murmured, "Isabella."

The young alcade could restrain no longer. She hastily desired the jailor to withdraw; and having just ascertained that he was out of hearing, returned to Don Pedro, and, extending her hand, said, tenderly, "And do you still love her who has lived but for you?" Her beloved voice struck on the heart of Pedro with electric power: he gazed wildly on her features; and throwing his arms round her, he passionately exclaimed, "'Tis she! my adored Isabella! my friend! my wife! All my misfortunes are at an end."

"Not

" Not yet," said Isabella, after a long silence, during which their tears mingled. " You are guilty of a murder; and your fate is in the power of a higher judge: I cannot release you without a flagrant breach of the solemn trust delegated to me; but I will to-morrow assemble the seniors of the village; I will tell them my sad story, and implore their good offices with the governor. If I am refused your enlargement, I will return to this dungeon; and the same hour shall end the fate of two unfortunate lovers."

After a conference highly interesting to both, Isabella departed, taking care to order that the prisoner should be removed to a more commodious place of confinement, and treated with the respect due to his rank; and retired to rest more tranquil in her mind, since gratified with the certainty of living or dying in the same spot with her lover. That very night a most terrible event changed her plans, and hastened the liberty of Don Pedro. Several Algerine gallies, which had been in chace of the ship which brought Don Pedro to Gadara, and had weathered the storm, put into the creek, and resolved to make a descent into the village. Twelve renegadoes, who knew the way, led them on; and in the dead of the night, when the peaceful inhabitants were resting from the toils of the day, they were roused by the dreadful cry of " To arms! to arms! the Turks are landed." In a moment all was horror and confusion; the trembling wives clasped their husbands in their arms; the aged ran to their sons for protection; the children shrieked with affright; and, to their consternation, they beheld their magazines were already on fire. It was then that by the light of the flames, they beheld the dreaded scimiters, and white turbans, of the infidels, who, each with a fire-brand in one hand, and a hatchet in the other, broke down or burnt all that opposed their progress in search of victims or spoil. Nothing was sacred in the eyes of these barbarians, whose outrages were too horrid to relate. The weeping wife, the innocent babe, sleeping in its cradle, were alike the prey of their insatiable fury. They broke into the places of worship, and with impious hands despoiled them of every valuable decoration. What a scene of horror! Ruin, murder, and desolation, surrounded the wretched inhabitants, who knelt down in the streets, and implored that succour from Heaven, which man seemed incapable of affording them.

At the first outcry, Marcello, heedless of her own safety, in apprehension for Don Pedro, ran to the prison, and presented him a sword. " Defend yourself," cried the young alcade. " I am armed, and will not quit your side. Let us set a glorious example, and expel these invaders, or perish together." The brave Don Pedro embraced her with enthusiastic rapture. " Matchless woman!" he exclaimed, " we shall succeed:

thy virtues will crown us with victory." He then led her forth to the grand place, where he rallied the scattered inhabitants, and exhorted them to be courageous. They listened to him with renewed hopes; they ranged themselves by his side, and fought with the fury of desperation. Aided by the valiant Pedro, and the intrepid Marcello, they put the barbarians to flight with a considerable loss, retook the spoil, and those who had been captured, and then returned to the village, to extinguish the flames.

The day was just breaking as they entered Gadara. A troop of soldiers, led on by the governor, were hastening to their assistance, but arrived only to greet the conquerors. Don Pedro and his heroic companion, were instantly surrounded by the women, the children, and the aged villagers, who bathed their hands with grateful tears, and implored the blessings of Heaven upon their heads, for restoring their sons, their husbands, or their fathers, to their arms.

The governor, acquainted with the achievements of the gallant Don Pedro, loaded him with praises and caresses. Isabella seized the favourable moment, and declared, in the face of the whole village assembled, her sex and adventures; the rashness of Don Pedro, and the motives which compelled him to an action which, in cooler moments, he would have shuddered at the thoughts of. No sooner did she cease speaking, than all the inhabitants of Gadara implored pardon for their brave defender, weeping and kneeling at the feet of the governor. Their petition was granted; when the most respectable of the villagers stepping forward, thus addressed Don Pedro: "Gallant stranger! you have been our defender and protector; but you seek to deprive us of our beloved alcade, and that loss is more than adequate to the benefit we have received at your hands. Increase your favours, instead of diminishing them; and consent to make us happy, by remaining among us. Deign to accept the office of alcade; be our master, our guardian, and our friend: each virtuous inhabitant will regard you as a father. After our God, we will honour you: and each year, on this memorable day, each parent shall present his little ones to you, and say, "Child, behold him who preserved your mother."

Don Pedro, affected to tears by this animated address, fell on the neck of the old man: then turning to his friends, he exclaimed, "Yes, virtuous and grateful people, I will dwell amongst you; I will be your brother; I will live only for Isabella and for you. But my wife has considerable property at Granada; our just governor will restore it to her; and it shall be employed in repairing the damages which our village has this night sustained. On this condition only I consent to become your alcade; and when I render to you my life, and all I

possess,

possess, I still think myself in your debt for restoring to me my Isabella." A most interesting scene ensued. Don Pedro was carried in triumph to the governor's house, where every mark of esteem and respect was paid to him; and on the following day Isabella was united to her lover. Notwithstanding the recent devastations, the villagers would celebrate the happy day with a rural festival, which was annually repeated; and in the course of a few years, Don Pedro obtained the post of governor. The constant lovers enjoyed a long series of happy years, and throughout their lives enjoyed the respect and love of the whole province.

E. F.

Extracts from the Reports of the Committee for relieving the Distresses in Germany.

(Continued from Page 410.)

Translation of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. ———, a Protestant Clergyman in Austria, dated November 27, 1805, addressed to his Father-in-law.

"THANKS be to God that the great anxiety we felt concerning you, was removed by your kind letter of the 19th instant. We are very happy to find that you have not suffered so much as we have. A skirmish took place at ———, which was the cause of our misfortune, we, and the whole country round, being thereby exposed to plunder. My wife and children fled—I alone remained in the house. At eight in the evening the French entered our village; at twelve in the night they came to me. As long as I had plenty of provisions, and the protection of two officers, every thing went on well; but when these were consumed, and my protectors gone, I then could no longer escape being plundered. I was obliged to leave my house, and every thing in it, to their mercy, and save myself by flight.—When I came back I found every thing gone or ruined.—No less than 50,000 men passed through our place, and the greatest distress prevails here."

P. S. Written by the wife of the clergyman.—"We rejoiced the more to hear a good account of you, as we had felt the greatest anxiety concerning you. Thank God that you came off so well! We met with worse treatment. The French took every thing we possessed—our provisions, clothes, linen, &c. My husband was stripped of his great coat, and his boots were even taken from his legs. They tore my handkerchief off my neck. They first took the money, and then every thing else. They had nearly compelled my husband to go with them

in order to point out the richest farmers. They literally left us nothing, for what they could not carry off they entirely destroyed. Our drawers and presses they broke in pieces; they pulled the bedclothes off the bed, which, together with the curtains, they cut in pieces. When we returned to the house we found nothing left. Had not our neighbours brought us food, we must have perished for want. Besides what I had on, I had nothing left, but one pair of stockings, together with an apron and an old neckhandkerchief, which is worth nothing. My husband met with a similar fate, having nothing left but what he had on. Thanks be to God that it is over. We are in tolerable health; to be quite well is not to be expected, being full of cares and sorrows, in want of all the necessaries of life, and having no money wherewith to purchase them. God will provide. We felt the greatest anxiety concerning our children. I have not been perfectly well since the first great fright—I had such a violent pain in my feet that I could scarcely walk, and have entirely lost my appetite. They drove the cattle out of the stables of the peasants; we saw the finest cows and oxen pass."

Translation and Extract of a Letter from a respectable Gentleman in Saxony, to the Rev. Mr. Schwabe, London.

"Erfurt, January 3, 1806.

"The dreadful consequences of the present state of things are but too visible in our poor country. You know how much our manufactures had already suffered during the last war, and that a great number of workmen were deprived of their subsistence. This distress has of late been constantly increasing, so that all commerce is at a stand. Since the last fairs of Frankfort and Leipzig, the manufacturers have been obliged to discharge their remaining workmen, and these are now with their families abandoned to hunger and despair. It is melancholy and affecting to see citizens, who but lately were by their industry able to obtain a comfortable subsistence, now go about like shadows; indeed they do not venture to leave their miserable dwellings during the day, but come out in the evening only, to apply for some assistance to those who are at present, (but who knows for how long?) their happier fellow-citizens. Often these unfortunates are obliged to quit the town at night, to beg a miserable subsistence in the neighbouring country, and to leave their wretched children behind them.—Much has been added to this distress by the late bad harvest. In the hilly parts of the country all the potatoes were spoiled by the frost. The oats, wheat, and rye still stand in the field. What these poor people are to do when the little store of corn is consumed, or all delivered into the military ma-

gazines, nobody knows; without hope they are abandoned to perish by hunger.

"The present war, and the march of troops, which have almost centered in our neighbourhood, and are still here, have carried the misery to its highest pitch: by so many thousand men meeting in this point, our general stock of provisions is completely consumed. From the public magazines, which formerly supplied the market in time of need at a moderate price, nothing is furnished, because all is required for the soldiers: nor are the poor, as formerly, supplied with wood at a low price. Hence we now often hear of persons who have put an end to their lives. A man, who was a carter, took poison lately in despair, and left a wife and six children. Another man, also a father of five children, hanged himself. In short the misery is indescribable, and will increase daily if relief is not soon given. The few rich inhabitants of our town do as much as lies in their power to prevent the extreme misery, and some sums have been collected and applied to procure bread and fire-wood from other places: but the few persons here are not able to relieve only a small number of the most necessitous, because corn and all other provisions are risen to an enormous price. If some nobleminded persons would unite with our benevolent inhabitants, and enable us to give some supply of bread and wood to the poor, particularly to those who are ashamed of begging, the present misery might be alleviated, and the increase of it, which in spring is much to be apprehended, prevented.—O! that you might succeed in procuring some assistance to your formerly so happy native country! Britons have given so many proofs of generosity and sympathy that perhaps our present distress will also move them."

Translation and Extract of a Letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Salfeld, Abbot of Loccum, to the Rev. Mr. Kueper, German Chaplain to his Majesty at St. James's, dated Hanover, January 4, 1806.

"In my last I testified to you the great joy our state ministers feel, with me, at the benevolent resolutions of your noble society for procuring relief to the distressed in Germany. Having yesterday received further instructions in your second letter, I hastened to write Mr. Von Bremer, the chief justice and counsellor of the states; Mr. Von Meding, counsellor of the states of Luneburgh; and Mr. Zwitker, syndic of the city of Munden, which three respectable men were approved of in every respect by our state ministers, to unite with me, and to form a committee. I expect every moment to hear from them, and hope that we shall all meet to-morrow, and then choose more members to associate with us.—I have written

and

and sent orders to several districts, that minute reports should be made to me, which in due time I shall not fail to lay before you. In many places a general emigration was to be apprehended, if the sufferings of the inhabitants had continued but for a short time longer.

"The most dreadful thing now is the want of corn, together with the want of money to procure considerable supplies from foreign countries. This is the more severely felt, as amongst the country people there are many hundreds that will be quite impoverished for want of horses, which are taken from them, and either lost or ruined. For we were forced, besides those many thousand fine horses of our cavalry, to deliver into the hands of the French, before they left us, more than 1000 horses. A similar number they had put in requisition; and more than 1000 other relay horses which they took away with them to Wirzburg, have not been returned, though it was promised they should. Those few that came back were disabled, and the good ones that were left, have been afterwards, and are continually used for transporting magazines, artillery, and baggage waggons belonging to the Prussian, Russian, Swedish, and English troops. It is only the English who pay for those horses as well as for every thing else. And what new changes and disasters, my dear friend, may we not have to expect yet?—However, in the plan of divine providence, our fate is decreed, and our future situation determined. God did never forsake us, and he will assist us in future calamities. The noble example of the generous society in England will certainly occasion a patriotic emulation here. And by this means it will be possible to do something more effectual for the relief of our distressed fellow subjects. May Almighty God only preserve our former constitution! under which our country has been happy, and the high value of which you certainly feel as deeply as I do."

(To be continued.)

Important Information respecting the present Modes of manufacturing Malt Liquors.

[From an instructive "Compendium of Modern Husbandry, written during a Survey of the County of Surry," by Mr. Malcolm, and lately published.]

THE quality of beer, so far as it relates to the public breweries throughout the kingdom, has received a greater deterioration since the seasons of 1800 and 1801 than perhaps during the whole period since the time of Henry the First, and

which was to a certain extent sanctioned by the executive government, if not by the legislature.

It arose, first, from the scarcity and dearness of barley; and secondly, by the introduction of foreign drugs. But in private families, where they brew their own beer, it still preserves its original native purity, sweetness, and goodness, and leaves no fæces behind it. The brewers' beer, particularly their small beer, is poor, thin, and fiery; their ale is compounded, as I am well informed, of the following ingredients; and such beer, at the late price of malt and hops, is a disgrace to the country.

ALE.

Grains of paradise, capsicum, coriander,* coculus indicus, quassia, liquorice, brown sugar, shag tobacco, sal martis, or green vitriol.

The grains of paradise (amomum grana paradisi) are acrid, and their action stimulating; the taste of the capsicum is very pungent and acrimonious, more especially that species called frutescens, or bird pepper. Coriander seeds are carminative and stomachic. Coculus indicus, the plant grows in Malabar, and in Linnæus's Hortus Malabaricus it is described under the name of natslatum. It is the berries which are used, and are accounted of so hurtful and pernicious a nature as to be omitted in the modern pharmacopœias. Condronchius, as well as Matthiolus, who have written on the berries of this plant, describe them as acrid and bitter, narcotic, and producing nausea, hiccough, and other uneasy sensations. Ray says, that the berries mixed with old cheese, honey, and wheaten meal made up into balls, will stupify and eventually kill fish, producing vertigo and apparently uncommon pain.

Quassia is a native of Surinam, and was called so after the name of a negro there (quassia) who was first observed to make use of it among his countrymen. Monsieur Dahlberg sent it to Linnæus, July, 1765; it is a pure and simple bitter, and so strong that ¼lb. of this plant will go as far as 4lb. of the best hops.

Liquorice (glicirrhiza glabra), when pure in its powdered state, which is but seldom the case, its constituents are saccharine and mucilaginous.

Shag tobacco (nicotiana tabacum) in infusion it is powerfully diuretic, it is burning, very acrid and narcotic, and by distillation it produces an oil so strong as to kill almost instantly small animals. In three casks of ale sent to the house of a late under secretary of state in Westminster, there was discovered in each of the casks a large quantity of this tobacco; the

* One pound of coriander-seed is equal to one bushel of malt.

the beer had most seriously disordered the mistress, housekeeper, and some of the other servants, yet the brewer was suffered to take away the cask unmolested and unpunished.

Sal martis formerly, now ferrum vitriolatum, the addition of the sulphate of iron, or green vitriol, is to produce a good frothy head to the beer. The effect is to excite pain in the stomach, and spasms in the bowels with vomiting.

PORTER.

There has been a time when the beer made in this great metropolis was sought after in all quarters of the world. Between five and six hundred years ago, the case was very different. Hamburgh was then, of all places in Europe, the most famous for beer.

In the middle of the thirteenth century, there were in Hamburgh not fewer than 530 breweries. England, Flanders, and all the kingdoms of the north, were supplied with beer from that city.

In the thirteenth century, its beer still maintained its reputation, and continued to be one of its principal exports.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the king of Sweden, as an act of serious revenge against the citizens of Hamburgh, prohibited the importation of their beer into his dominions; and it was not until the end of that century, that the Hamburgh trade in this liquor began to decline, because English beer and ale began to be in most places preferred. It was then salubrious, nutritive, and exhilarating; it was pleasant to drink, and free from noxious ingredients.

But that trash now called porter, is the reverse. We cannot tell of how many, or what ingredients or compounds it is made, but we know it is not made of corn. It would not answer for the manufacturers of this liquid, to confine themselves to a smaller quantity of malt than they formerly used, in proportion to a given quantity of water, for the people might then as well drink small beer. It was necessary to give it the appearance of strength, and for this purpose they have put into it ingredients, of an acid and stimulating quality, so that in the mouth the porter has some flavour, but in the stomach, it is cold, vapid, and unwholesome; it prevents digestion, and gives rise to numberless complaints.

Among these ingredients are to be found, coculus indicus, one ounce of which is said to be equal to a bushel of malt—liquorice, or Spanish juice—treacle—shag tobacco—alum (sulphas aluminæ)—sour beer—sal martis (ferrum vitriolatum) green vitriol—isinglass (as a clarifier), isinglass ich-thyoscalla—quassia.

Of

Of the quassia much has been said of its bad properties, but Dr. Duncan, in his Pharmacopœia Edin. as well as other celebrated medical men speak in its praise. The former says:

"It is a very pure and simple bitter, and may be given in all cases where bitters are proper. It has been exhibited in intermittent and bilious fevers, in stomachic complaints, in lienteria, in cachexy, dropsies, leuchorrœa, and gout. It is much used in this country to give the bitterness to malt liquors, though it subjects those brewers who employ it to very heavy penalties."

It is nevertheless used in immense quantities, and I have been informed by a friend in the custom-house, that of quassia, guinea grains, Spanish juice, and the like, the importation is beyond all conception great, and increases every year, and the merchants who import them have repeatedly told him they are principally consumed by the porter brewers.*

No wonder then, I think, that they should declare they have three years stock of hops by them, when that article is found to give way to drugs, the produce of other countries. It is not long since a large quantity of drugs, but of what kind I have now no recollection, were seized at a brewer's in the borough of Southwark.†

The new mode of compounding porter, which has been practised of late years, and is supposed to have originated at a very popular brewhouse, and the rival of the celebrated Whitbread, is now carried to the highest pitch of perfection.

The compounders are saved all that trouble, which brewers were formerly put to, of keeping their casks and butts in cellars for a length of time, during which, they had to wait until it became seasoned, keeping so much capital idle and locked up. All the seasoning stuff is now ready made to their hands, by a set of chemical gentlemen, whose trade it is to prepare it; as it is for others to take off the stale and sour beer; and by a process peculiar to themselves to manufacture it afresh, and thereby to make it vendible.

This compound is taken and mixed with another liquid, recently made from a small quantity of malt and hops; and from the

* At a late trial before Lord Ellenborough, between a brewer and a publican, the latter being asked by his lordship what he meant by *old beer*, replied, it was neither porter nor ale, but a composition with which their trade was furnished by certain chemists to improve the flavour of their stale beer.

† Good porter, says an eminent physician, and such as was made in better and former times, often proves a grateful and salutary beverage, and affords peculiar support and refreshment under colliquative sweats.

the happy union of these ingredients, that once famous liquor porter is now made.

If malt, or hops, or both, advance much in price, whether it be from speculation, or indifferent crops, the brewer rises the price of porter immediately, although his warehouses may be full, and he may have three years stock on hand. If the price of these articles fall as rapidly as they rose, which if it has proceeded from the former cause, they may, and frequently do, he forgets to lower the price of his beer, and would not do it at all if the clamour of the public or some rival did not force him to it; even then he does it by slow degrees.

In the early part of the year 1803, there was a brewer in the borough of Southwark, whose name ought to be written in characters of gold, whose beer was far superior in strength and flavour to any that could be found in the metropolis, who sold his beer at such a reasonable price as to enable his customers, to retail it at 4d. per quart, while the inferior beer of any other brewer was sold at 4½d.* Are we to suppose that this person sold without profit, and submitted to losses in his trade from motives of benevolence and philanthropy? that he had no other object in view but the convenience and comfort of his fellow creatures? no such thing; he must know and feel that he best promotes his own interest in taking a less exorbitant profit than others.

The cause of this deterioration was not entirely owing to the scarcity of either malt or hops, nor was it necessary to be continued through such seasons as 1803 and 1804, but it is because the greater part of the public houses in London, and for ten miles round it, are in the hands of the porter brewers, who, in conjunction with the rectifiers, monopolize every thing of the kind that happens to be offered for sale or to rent.

It is computed that within the circle I have just described, there are not less than 6000 licensed public houses, or about 26 private to one public house, taking it on a scale of 156,000 inhabited houses. In the above limits it is calculated, that including inmates and lodgers, there are about 220,000 families, who are more or less customers to alehouses; and upon these data the proportion is one public house to every 37 families. It has been generally understood that about 60 families are necessary to support a creditable public house. It would seem from thence, that from the number of failures in that line, and persons who were discharged under the late insolvent acts, many

* The consumption in London is about 40,000,000 gallons, or 160,000,000 quarts; the profits to the brewers, at only one half-penny advance per quart, would amount to 333,333l. 6s. 8d. and at one penny per quart, which has also been attempted to be done, it would have yielded the enormous sum of 666,666l. 13s. 4d.

many have been ruined for want of a due portion of trade, as well as from the badness of the beer, which has increased the sale of spirits at the gin-shops, and the want of a more feeling disposition in the landlords, the brewers. And it would seem as if this really was the case, because fewer failures happen among the free public houses in proportion than among those which are monopolized.

Anecdote of Lord George Germain (Lord Sackville).

TO his religious duties this good man was not only regularly but respectfully attentive: on the Sunday morning he appeared in gala, as if he was dressed for a drawing-room; he marched out his whole family in grand cavalcade to his parish-church, leaving only a centinel to watch the fires at home, and mount guard upon the spits. His deportment in the house of prayer was exemplary, and more in character of times past than of time present: he had a way of standing up in sermon-time for the purpose of reviewing the congregation, and awing the idlers into decorum, that never failed to remind me of Sir Roger de Coverley at church; sometimes, when he has been struck with passages in the discourse, which he wished to point out to the audience as rules for moral practice worthy to be noticed, he would mark his approbation of them with such cheering nods and signals of assent to the preacher, as were often more than my muscles could withstand; but when to the total overthrow of all gravity, in his zeal to encourage the efforts of a very young declaimer in the pulpit, I heard him cry out to the Rev. Mr. Henry Eatoff in the middle of his sermon —"Well done, Harry!" It was irresistible; suppression was out of my power: what made it more intolerably comic was, the unmoved sincerity of his manner, and his surprise to find that any thing had passed, that could provoke a laugh so out of time and place. He had nursed up with no small care and cost in each of his parish-churches a choir of rustic psalm-singers, to whose performances he paid the greatest attention, rising up, and with his eyes directed to the singing gallery, marking time, which was not always rigidly adhered to; and once, when his ear, which was very correct, had been tortured by a tone most glaringly discordant, he set his mark upon the culprit by calling out to him by name, and loudly saying, "Out of tune, Tom Baker!"

A REFLECTION.

HE that would be happy must be moderate in his enjoyments, and regular in the discharge of his duty.

HORSES.

FLEURY, in his Ecclesiastical History remarks, that in 799, a council was held in England, which forbade the cutting off of horses' tails, and the eating of their flesh.

AN ANECDOTE.

SIR William Keir, who is going out adjutant-general to India, lost his arm in consequence of a duel with Sir Marcus Somerville. Sir William soon after assumed an artificial arm, and, singular to relate, this arm was carried away by a cannon ball, while he was gallantly fighting with the enemies of his country: on which Sir William remarked, "By J——s, but I'll not be at the expence of finding any more arms to be popped off in this manner;" and he has ever since worn a loose sleeve.

Extraordinary Instance of the Fertility of a Drained Bog.

ABOUT ten years ago a lease was granted by Lord Crewe of an estate in Madeley, in the county of Stafford, to Mr. Elkington, the celebrated drainer. It consisted of about 500 acres, 300 of which were so unsound, that a person could not even walk upon it; half of it has been drained, and brought into a train of cultivation. The crops of turnips raised upon it, both of the common and Swedish sort, have been remarkably fine, and the land is become so firm as to admit of being fed off by cattle.

In the succeeding crops an unusual difficulty has occurred; for though Mr. Elkington, from the extreme luxuriance of the soil, thought it expedient to sow only half the usual quantity of seed, the barley crops have been so strong as to be uniformly laid, the grain of course much injured, and the clover and grass seeds destroyed. Mr. Elkington has, however, been successful in his attempts to render this land more profitable by *exhausting* crops. Last year he had ten acres of hemp. The crop was great, and the grass roots such as to astonish the neighbourhood. From the same motive, Mr. Elkington has reduced the soil by successive crops of oats that have borne two previous crops of corn, without manure. He got last year the amazing produce of 174 bushels of good oats from five bushels and eleven quarts of seeds sown broad cast. This extraordinary return has been made from land which a few years ago was not worth one shilling per acre.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to W. Bickham's Charade, inserted March 24.

A COUNTRYMAN, I have no doubt,
Will make your charade clearly out.

☞ We have received similar answers from Rusticus, near Hembury Fort; and W. R. jun. of Yealmpton.

Answer, by J. Woodman, of North Curry, to W. R.'s Rebus, inserted March 24.

THE HARE, huntsmen and hounds pursue,
'Till it gives up, or bids adieu.

*** We have received similar answers from H. Glasson, of Praze; S. C. Moore, of Horswell House; W. R. of Yealmpton; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; W. D. and W. Cross, of Bristol; S. Lawrence, of Sidmouth; H. Lewarn, of Grampound; R. Gidley, jun. of Dean Prior; J. Lewis, of Poole; M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth; W. Mann, of Ashburton; and Rusticus, near Hembury Fort.

Answer, by W. R. of Yealmpton, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted March 24.

THE SNOW-DROP, Sir, in early spring,
Is seen when warblers blithesome sing.

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. and W. Cross, of Bristol; Rusticus, near Hembury Fort; S. C. Moore, Horswell House; Walter Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; H. Glasson, of Praze; H. Stoneman, of Exeter; R. Trewavas, of Mousehole; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; R. Lewarn, of Grampound; R. Gidley, jun. and P. C. of Dean Prior; J. Whittle, of Upway; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; Castor; J. Fairweather, of Batson, near Kingsbridge; Eliza; J. Lewis, of Poole; and M. Duncan, jun. of Plymouth.

A CHARADE, *by Rusticus, near Hembury Fort.*

SAGACIOUS youths, I'd have you first disclose
What doth protect us from our foreign foes:
An animal my next will bring to light:
Connect these parts, a fish appears in sight.

A REBUS, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

THREE-FIFTHS of what, when Sol displays
His radiant beams around,
In summer's long and fervent days
Creeps softly o'er the ground.

But ere my dreary next appears
My first declines its head;
Nature a direful aspect wears,
And desolation spreads.

Ye learned gents. who oft peruse
These pleasing pages here,
My whole's a tool I often use,
Pray make its name appear.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* SPRING.

HAIL spring! again with joy I sing
Thy sweet return on genial wing;
Again thy pleasing scenes I view,
In joy, delight, and rapture too:
Dread winter's forms are fled away,
The icy night, the snowy day;
The school-boy, when releas'd from school,
No more skims o'er the frozen pool;
No more the changing sky doth lowr,
The furious north has spent his pow'r;
The sun, from Zembla's frigid air,
Returns to give our land its share
Of genial heat, and cheerful light,
And shines in splendent lustre bright.

As down in yonder vale I rove,
The verdant meads, the woody grove;
Display the beauties of thy face,
In fairest form, in sweetest grace;
The primrose sheds its sweet perfumes,
The crocus opes its golden blooms;
In grassy sords the daisy's head
Expands in purple, white, and red;
With beauteous violets on the green,
The cowslips freckled blooms are seen;
And snowy lily, queen of flow'rs,
Blows, earlied on by tepid show'rs;
And carmin'd roses in the vale
Bud, temper'd by each southern gale.

The lark now in the limpid air,
Sings, sweetly sings, without impair;
See how she strains her little throat,
To modulate the sprightly note;
And now I see her upwards fly,
She seems to touch the purple sky.
The joys of lambkins in the mead,
Nor cares, nor sorrows can impede;
See how they caper, run, and play,
And frisk beneath the sunny ray.

T' enumerate, O beauteous fair!
Thy joys, to which none can compare,
Would, did I each sweet pleasure tell,
My humble ode too largely swell;
It would not much increase my fame,
And might stain e'en my humble name.
Oh spring, fair spring, how sad their woe!
Who can in thee no pleasures know;
In thee the pard and lowing hine
Confess how bright thy prospects shine;
And wolves and tigers, in the wood,
All feel alike thy genial good.

But

But short, sweet spring! too short thy stay,
Soon comes again the wintry day!
But first hot summer's drought is seen,
Which soon will change the pleasing mien.
But tho' on earth so short thy reign,
Bright Heaven alone doth e'er retain
The blooming sweets of rosy spring,
Where winter stern no ills can bring;
And blest is he whom heavenly love
Will grant eternal spring above.

Tilshead-school, April, 1806. WILLIAM TUCKER.

The FIRST *of* MAY.

AWAKE the lute, the fife, and flute,
The Doric reed, the choral song;
Come, nymphs and swains to pleasure's strains
Lead the fantastic dance along.

For lo! to day the blue-ey'd May
Once more her sprightly reign renews,
And love and mirth, o'er laughing earth,
Their blended influence wide diffuse.

The stock dove coos, the black-bird woos,
Melodious in the grove and glen:
The snipe aloft, with notes so wild,
Cheers his lone partner of the fen.

The crystal stream invites the beam
Upon its bosom to recline:
The beam descends, new lustre lends
To the clear stream's meand'ring line.

The blooming race expand apace,
'Till hill and dale with beauty glow:
Light o'er the sky the thin clouds fly,
And soft the genial breezes blow.

Oh cull a wreath that balm shall breathe,
Fresh from the dewy lap of morn,
This festal day of lovely May
The rural altar to adorn!

Awake the lute, the fife, the flute,
The Doric reed, the choral song;
Come, nymphs and swains, to music's strains
Lead the fantastic dance along!

Dromore. HAFIZ.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

EPIGRAM.

WHEN quacks, as quacks may, by good luck, to be sure,
Blunder out, at hap-hazard, a desperate cure,
In the prints of the day, with due pomp and parade,
Case, patient, and doctor, are amply display'd:
All this is quite just, and no mortal can blame it;
If they save a man's life, they've a right to proclaim it:
But there's reason to think they might save more lives still;
Did they publish a list of *one half* whom they *kill*.